

Darling :-

July 1<sup>st</sup> 1918.

At last the long wait is over and I have received mail from you. I got six letters this morning, the latest being of date June 6<sup>th</sup>, which means that I will have a lot more coming soon because of the long interval which passed without any coming. Some of the officers got all their back mail but something happened to mine for I only received the six. However nobody will ever know how happy those made me. I read and reread them many times dear, and they were so wonderfully sweet and comforting. You are such a wonderful little girl, and I thank God every day of

my life that He gave you to me  
and blessed me so.

The snapshots of the babies were  
beautiful and I am so glad you  
sent them, but wish there had  
been some of you and Ted. It  
seemed good also to see a picture  
of our dear home and it must  
be confessed that it made me  
homesick in spite of myself.

Mother darling, I have time  
and time again warned you  
against believing anything you  
hear about conditions over here,  
and especially anything you  
read in the papers which is  
not marked "Official." I am  
referring to your remarks about



German's bombing Hospitals and trying to "get" surgeons etc. Those things are absolutely untrue as far as our experience goes and ours should be representative. I have often told you that I am just as safe here as I would be in my own back yard. I don't believe that is exaggerated at all, for two reasons. One is that this place is entirely free from danger, and another is that I am so "yellow" that I am more careful of myself than I ever have been in my life. There is none of the "hero" in me and if there was I would have no opportunity to show it. My existence here is just as evenly routine and well ordered and free from excitement as if I were clerks of the Chataqua at Ludington or Bay View. There is plenty of excitement near here, but I am not looking for it and what's more I never will. The most exciting thing I do is play stud poker and we have cut down the limit on that until it's no more exciting than tiddle-de-winks. So my dearest, don't you worry about your little husband.



I am safe and sound and free  
from all harm; bored to death,  
sick of French manure piles  
and duly anxious for something  
to convince the Kaiser, what  
we know already, viz: that  
he is licked eventually and will  
save a lot of people a lot of  
trouble if he will only pack  
up his little old army and go  
home. I'm afraid however  
we are going to have to prove  
it to him.

I can't obtain lace of the  
kind you sent. If you have  
received the box by this time  
you know the kind of lace

mean. I sincerely hope it <sup>came</sup> through to you, more because I want my taste in selecting such things vindicated, than anything else. I expect that some of the letters still to come may tell me of the arrival of said box. As to boxes for me - don't worry about it dear. I have ceased to think about it and would feel guilty to even attempt to get things sent over, for our Government needs the ships and this is one method she is taking to release them. I will always be most gratified



for the ones I received. They were so wonderful and I enjoyed them so much. And it was wonderful of you to send me so many nice things. But we will have to wait till I return to do much gift giving now.

Another weird little experience last night regarding which I can't write but will talk when I come home. Save this letter for prompting purposes. The weather is beautiful - clear and sunny as July weather should be. The hum of aeroplanes mingles with that of bumble bees and the rat-a-tat-tat of machine guns. I think I'll get one of those when I come home to amuse myself with; I like to hear them. Occasionally the boom of a "heavy" breaks the silence and that's all there is going on here now. You could look down in the valley and see French soldiers troutfishing in the Moselle, and the camions, ammunition trains and poils passing to and fro on the roads to the front. Of course Americans predominate here, but



we see lots of French even so.  
I am off duty all day today  
but on all night tonight and  
I don't think I will be dis-  
turbed much either.

I am glad that Savina's  
sister is waiting for my return,  
for her surgery, and also that  
Mrs. Richardson feels that I  
could have saved her daughters.  
Whether I could or not, it is  
nice to have people think nice  
things of you, isn't it dear?  
I really believe that I will get  
my business back again in  
good shape and from things

You say occasionally I believe  
so all the more. Jack tells  
me that Brother is finally  
going into the service. Good!  
if it's true.

I don't want to discourage  
Tud in any work she wants  
to undertake, but her place  
is home and she can do an  
immensely greater amount of  
good there than here. Yes, I do  
know a great deal about can-  
teens. There is a group of them  
in this sector, and they are  
more largely patronized by  
the French than Americans.



Tell Ted that it's hard work with a  
capital H, and no romance but that  
if she will come, God bless her and  
to try to get an assignment to the  
77<sup>th</sup> Division. When she comes I want  
to know and I'll get some Red Cross  
friends of mine on the job over  
here to see if we can't be located  
somewhere near together. Well  
I am dear, I will close now.  
Give my whole family my love  
and lots of kisses. Tell the babies  
their Dad is lonesome for them.  
With "oceans of love and on every  
wave, a kiss" for you, my dearest  
dearest wife, I am your very-  
happy because he got mail husband,

A. B.

1st Lt. Axel B. Smith U.S.A.